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NOTES AND NOVELTIES

I NEVER visit Boston, and I am very fond of getting away from this brawling town for a breath of the fresh air of Beacon Hill, and a good dinner in selfish solitude at the Boston Tavern; but I make up my mind to urge any reader who may have confidence in my judgment, and time and money to spare, to make a pilgrimage to the great Boston Art Museum. I do not believe that any man or woman of taste could pay the museum a visit and come away without thanking me for the hint, as well as thanking the generosity and true culture of the brainy city that has created such an institution. There is a much vaster and more valuable collection in this city at the Metropolitan Museum, with which Boston, by the way, makes no pretensions of rivalry, but I do not know anywhere in the country, and I know the country pretty well, any collection so homogeneous in character, or really dignified in standard. The constituent parts of the loan collections are selected with the same care as has characterized the choice of the museum's own acquisitions, and one can never spend a morning under its roof without being both rested in body and refreshed and advanced in intelligence.

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The other day, when I drifted into the museum, I found that in the first picture gallery, devoted to the Italian, French and Spanish schools, three paintings had been added: An "Adoration," by Agnolo di Donnino, loaned by Hon. Martin Brimmer; a "Sleeping Boy," ascribed to Guido Reni, loaned by Miss Mary Amory Green, and a "Magdalen," by Guido Cognacci, loaned by Edward C. Cabot. In the Allston room were eight paintings newly loaned: a landscape with trees, by Constable, from Hon. Martin Brimmer; a portrait of Mrs. Abigail Rogers, by Washington Allston, painted about 1789, from Miss Annette P. Rogers, a descendant of the original; a portrait of Mrs. Skinner, by Allston, from Hon. Martin Brimmer; a portrait of John Bryant, by G. P. A. Healy, loaned by Mrs. Charles J. Paine; a portrait of a boy, by Thomas Sully, from Miss Greene; and portraits of Mrs. George G. Lee, Mrs. George Williams and Dr. Samuel Danforth, by Gilbert Stuart, from Mrs. P. H. Sears. An important loan in the Dutch room was a Vandyke, a portrait of the Antwerp Senator, Peter Siemens, loaned by Francis Bartlett, who has also left with the museum a large number of valuable modern paintings during his visit to Europe. In the fourth picture gallery were two Monets, "Shore" and "Sea," and a Cazin, "La Vielle Route," from Miss Annette P. Rogers; a Munkacsy, "Washing by the River," from Mr. Bartlett, who loans also a study by Bague, and J. Chelmonski's "French Hussar," and A. A. Lesrel's "Guard Room, Mt. St. Michel," from Miss Sarah M. Spooner. Here also was Abbott H. Thayer's "Angel," from Arthur Astor Carey, which gained the artist the Temple gold medal at the exhibition of the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts this year. In the fifth picture gallery were two Troyons, a wood interior, from William S. Tiffany, and a landscape with cow, from Mr. Bartlett; four Daubignys, "The Cooper's Shop," "Landscape with River," "On the Oise," and a landscape, from Mr. Bartlett; "The Caravan," by Belly, from Mr. Bartlett; four landscapes, by Georges Michel, from C. Thurrwanger, Mr. Brimmer and two from Mr. Bartlett; a Jacque, from Mr. Bartlett; Millet's "Harvesters," from Mr. Brimmer, and "Shepherdess and Sheep," from Nathaniel Thayer; "Noonday Rest" and "Calling the Cattle Home," from Mr. Bartlett; a Rousseau, Couture's "Young Squire," and "The Mendicant," and a Jules Dupré, from Mr. Bartlett. In the water-color room was Millet's pastel, "The Buckwheat Harvest," from Mr. Brimmer, and a pastel by Paul Albert Besnard, "Entrée du Bal," from Miss Rogers; Israel's "The Widow," from Mr. Bartlett; Fortuny's "Man Sleeping," from Mrs. G. V. Cook. In the hall on the second floor a charmingly delicate low-relief in marble, by William Ordway Partridge, had been placed. It might appropriately be called "Dreams."

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The case devoted to American fictile art in the northwest gallery of the second story of the museum is something which the friends of industrial art in this country can well regard with pride. Beside examples of tiles, plaques, etc., from the Low art tile works in Chelsea, and some of the most beautiful productions of the celebrated Rookwood pottery in Cincinnati, a number of superb additions have recently been made to the collection loaned from the Chelsea pottery of Hugh C. Robertson, whose experiments have been followed by connoisseurs in ceramics with great interest. Mr. Robertson has devoted years to the single-hearted pursuit of his art, with hardly a thought to commercial considerations. Some of the results achieved in his efforts to discover the secrets of the wonderful glazes and other methods of the Japanese and Chinese potters are shown in a remarkable collection of forty-seven articles. In his forms Mr. Robertson has followed the simple and gracefully proportioned shapes of the oriental potters, but the rich variety of glazes here presented is something astonishing in occidental ceramics. No description can give any idea of the exquisite beauty of these productions, which range through a wonderful gamut of hues and tints—some full-blooded and glowing in appearance, others of a refreshing and delicate clearness like the breath of springtime. There is one glorious vessel of a splendid green, much like verde antique. I am told that a wealthy and socially prominent Boston gentleman has become deeply interested in Mr. Robertson's work, which has been pursued under great difficulties and with much sacrifice, and will back his further efforts with all the means required. We may, therefore, now expect to see this remarkable pottery accorded the recognition which it deserves.

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There is probably no group of family portraits in the country that would

possess a livelier interest for the student of American history than the Hopkinson Collection, which has been lately hung in one of the fire-proof galleries of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia. These portraits have an artistic as well as a personal interest, and they recall an unusual group of distinguished Pennsylvanians who were united by a family bond. The picture which claims attention first in order of date takes us back as far into colonial times as the 9th of September, 1736, when young and pretty Mary Johnson was joined in marriage to Thomas Hopkinson, of Philadelphia. She was the good mother of Francis Hopkinson, and her portrait is by Benjamin West. Other portraits are from the brushes of Charles Wilson Peale, Joseph Wright, Gilbert Stuart and Robert Edge Pine. Pine was an Englishman, who came to this country in 1783 for the purpose of painting portraits of the heroes and patriots of the Revolution, in order to combine them in historical pictures commemorating the events of that period. He made his residence in Philadelphia, having brought letters of introduction to Francis Hopkinson, through whose influence he gained permission and painted Washington's portrait at Mount Vernon. He also painted quite a number of other portraits of distinguished Philadelphians, but his project of painting historical pictures was never carried out. He died in Philadelphia in 1788. One precious number of the Hopkinson Collection is Joseph Wright's portrait of Washington. It represents him in his general's uniform. This little picture is of great interest for several reasons—for one, because Joseph Wright was a native-born American. His birthplace was at Bordentown, N. J. In the autumn of 1783 he painted a portrait of Washington at the headquarters, Rocky Hill, near Princeton, N. J., for which he had several sittings. The portrait now hanging at the Historical Society, in the "Hopkinson Collection," is supposed by authorities on Washington portraits to be this identical painting. It was for some years in the possession of Mrs. Annie Hopkinson Foggo, a great-granddaughter of Francis Hopkinson, who was the original owner of the picture, and it has never been out of the family. It is a full bust, full face, the body turned to the left. The hair is short and undressed, the pose is quite awkward, and while the picture has no pretensions to artistic merit, it conveys the impression of at least an earnest attempt on the part of the painter to reproduce that which was before him. The portrait is in a good state of preservation. It is painted on a mahogany panel measuring fourteen by eleven inches.

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The Hopkinson Collection was formed by Judge Joseph Hopkinson, who is famous as the author of the stirring lyric "Hail Columbia." Judge Hopkinson was the son of Francis Hopkinson. He was born November 12, 1770. Like his father, he selected law as his profession, and he began practice at Easton, but he soon returned to Philadelphia, where he quickly secured a valuable practice. In politics Judge Hopkinson was called a Federalist, and in 1814 he was elected as a representative to Congress. He served but one term, but distinguished himself by speaking and voting against chartering the United States Bank. In 1828 he was appointed by President Adams United States District Judge of the eastern district of Pennsylvania. His marriage with Emily Mifflin took place on the 27th of February, 1794. Judge Hopkinson lived well on into this age of ours, his death occurring on July 15, 1842. Judge Hopkinson was fond of art, and for many years was president of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, and vice-president of the American Philosophical Society. During the greater portion of his life he was the friend and legal adviser of Joseph Bonaparte. The ex-King of Spain was a judicious and munificent patron of the arts, and owned during his life some of the finest paintings then in America. When the majority of these paintings were sold on September 17 and 18, 1845, at Bonaparte's mansion at Bordentown, Judge Hopkinson obtained a number which are now in the Hopkinson Collection.

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The late W. J. Florence left among his belongings a unique scrap-book which will probably be some day the prize of some dramatic collector. It was made up by him out of years of haunting of booksellers' stalls and literary junk-shops in America and Europe, and is filled with engraved portraits, pictures, autographs and original drawings; old playbills, letters and other personal curios. Its most interesting feature is a very complete record of Sheridan's "Rivals," beginning with a portrait of Sheridan himself, and including pictures of actors and actresses who have played in the famous comedy, aquarelles of the Jefferson-Florence Company and a complete set of playbills from the first representation of "The Rivals," down to the Jefferson Company's opening night at the Star Theatre, October 14, 1889. In it are pictures of the original *Sir Anthony Absolute*, Shuter; of Quick, the original *Acres*; Lee, the first *Sir Lucius*; Miss Barsanti, the original *Lydia Languish*; Mrs. Green, the original *Mrs. Malaprop*; and Mrs. Bulkeley, the original *Julia*. Pictures of all the celebrated men who have played *Fighting Bob* are found here: Suett, Bannister, Liston, Harley, Thorne, John Reeve, Spiller, Sloman, Browne, Andrews, Burton, Dawson, Walcott, Harry Beckett, John Clarke, J. B. Buckstone and Joe Jefferson. There is a long gallery of famous *O' Triggers*—Moody, Jones, Thompson, Tyrone Power, Burke, Walton, Brougham and Florence himself, and the complete text of "The Rivals," illustrated by aquarelles and black and white sketches, interspersed with views of Bath and photographs of the various members of the Jefferson-Florence Company. As a history of the play in question the collection is as complete as it is unique.

The most remarkable house in the United States is at No. 2102 Pine street, Philadelphia. It is occupied by Professor E. D. Cope, the distinguished paleontologist, and is filled from top to bottom with fossils. Every room is stacked from floor to ceiling with wooden and pasteboard boxes containing bones of creatures big and small, the most recent of which died hundreds of thousands of years ago. All the closets are fairly stuffed with skeletons. The parlor is occupied by a reptile seventy feet long; that is to say, the skull of the vast creature is there, with the shoulder blades and the neck, but the rest of him extends through the hallway and out into the backyard. There is not space to put him together in proper shape, and so the vertebrae are packed in a series of dry goods boxes. Each box is a four foot cube and holds one vertebrae. The bath-room, appropriately enough, is full of fossil fish, while the dining-room is tenanted by a herd of ancient rhinoceri. The professor has the second story front room for his bed chamber. He sleeps there when it does not happen to be convenient for him to go out to his beautiful residence in Germantown. The bed, dressing-table and washstand are crowded together in the middle of the apartment and surrounded on all sides by stacks of boxes, all of them filled with fossils. Scattered about the floor and piled up in the corners are various fragments, such as the jaw and shin-bone of a mastodon, the pelvis of a mammoth, some vertebrae that once belonged to a whale, the humerus of an extinct species of hippopotamus, and so on. Piled up in boxes on every floor, stacked in the corners and scattered along the hallways, are the fossil remains of monstrous flying, swimming, and armor-clad reptiles of past epochs, likewise mammals enough to stock a score of more wonderful menageries than Barnum ever advertised, and extinct birds in flocks. One of the most precious relics in the whole collection is a little skull not bigger than a squirrel's. Small as it is, it has supplied to the evolutionists one of the missing links in man's descent from next to nothingness to his present condition of imperfect natural perfection.

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H. H. Crocker, of Bangor, Me., has one of the finest private collections of stuffed birds in the State. In his house at the corner of Middle and Columbia streets, he has a room occupied wholly by natural history specimens, with a greater portion of the space taken up by handsomely mounted birds. Besides about 150 Maine birds he has many from the western and southern States, and some from the European forests. Besides his birds, Mr. Crocker has many natural curiosities, and a fine collection of eggs, bugs, beetles and butterflies in large numbers, and a collection of snakes and lizards, including newts and salamanders.

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Major A. A. Dennie, of Milwaukee, Wis., who presides over a resort popular with amateurs at punch, cocktails, caroms and pool, has formed a remarkable little collection of the autographs of the patrons of his establishment. Among them he exhibits with pride the signatures of Captain Charles King, J. H. Haverly, Billy Emerson, Gus Williams and innumerable other theatrical and public personages who are fond of fondling the ivory spheres between drinks.

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Secretary Charles R. Deacon, of the Clover Club in Philadelphia, is said to possess perhaps the most interesting collection of autographs in the Quaker City. In it are to be found signatures of statesmen, authors and soldiers, and the sentiments, expressed in the frankness that is a natural consequence of good fellowship, of almost every man in the Union whose name is at all familiar to the public, it may be as President of the United States or as some obscure poet struggling for the recognition of his talent. In the compact form in which Mr. Deacon keeps his collection, the wit of the humorist lies side by side with the dignified utterances of statesmen and men of letters. The actor stands shoulder to shoulder with the preacher, and the politician seems to smile seductively upon his neighbor, the editor.

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The Providence, R. I., *Telegram* has given an interesting sketch of the artists local to that city. The doyen of the craft is Mr. John N. Arnold. He is self-taught, and, years ago, finding that he had a taste for drawing, sent on to New York for a cast of the head of Apollo, and spent six months in drawing and re-drawing it. He does scarcely anything but portraits, and these he does exceedingly well. Another artist who makes rather a specialty of portrait painting is Mr. Hugo Breul. He is a native of Saalfeld, Germany, born in 1854. He came to New York when 18 years old and began studying at the Academy of Design, and became one of the founders of the Art Students' League. While in New York he won a first prize medal in the life class at the Academy, and from 1879 to 1881 studied in Munich and other European cities. He went to Providence in 1883, remaining there two years, when he again went abroad, studying in Paris at the Julian Academy, returning to Providence, where he has remained ever since. Mr. E. M. Bannister was born at St. Andrews, N. B., in 1835. He studied principally in Boston at the Lowell Institute under Dr. Rimmer, spending the greater part of his professional life in that city. He came to Providence in 1871, where he has remained ever since. He has been a regular contributor to the exhibits of the Boston Art Club. His first great success was achieved in 1876, when his "Under the Oaks" received a first medal at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia. Others of the *Telegram's* list are Miss Chapin, Miss Swan, Miss Morse, Miss Coleman, women whose work is fully up to the level of the work of many of the men, and Messrs. Barlow, Whittaker, Kenyon, Springer, Smythe, Drowne and Jackson. Mr. Frank W. Marshall was born in Providence, and studied under Julian in Paris. He makes a specialty of landscapes and does much decorative work. Mr. Edward C. Leavitt is entirely

self-taught. He makes a specialty of flowers, which he paints with great skill. Of Charles Walter Stetson *THE COLLECTOR* has already had occasion to speak. Mr. Sydney R. Burleigh is a native of Rhode Island, and about ten years ago studied in Paris under Jean Paul Laurens and also in Rome, devoting his studies to water colors, chiefly in the latter city. Upon his return from abroad, he exhibited his work all over the country and won much praise.

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Judge Samuel W. Pennypacker, says the *Philadelphia Ledger*, has been a very lucky collector of Americana, and many of the books in his library have been secured at a very reasonable figure in old German farm houses in the interior of the State. The judge's specialty is the gathering of early books printed in German in Pennsylvania, and he is not often known to buy modern works, unless bearing upon his subjects. Mr. Howard Edwards, of the same city, who has been for years an indefatigable collector of Americana and early English imprints, has perhaps made more lucky finds than any other Philadelphia collector. Mr. Edwards's success in this way is perhaps due to his constant watchfulness of the stock of old book stores and to his knowledge of books and their publishers. Last summer Mr. Edwards bought a superb copy of Ovid, bearing the imprint, "Christophori Plantini, Antwerp, 1583." This is a most valuable specimen of the Plantini press, and a very valuable book. Not long ago Mr. Edwards secured, for a very modest sum, an old prayer book, with the book plate of William Penn, the founder, in it, and he once picked up, on the bargain stand of an old book store, over a dozen books which came from the library of John Dickinson, most of them bearing his signature. Mr. Edwards has several old deeds of property in Philadelphia signed by Penn and Markham, which he secured at a quite reasonable price. The library of Mr. Craig Ritchie, of Philadelphia, is also that of a genuine book lover and book hunter.

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On page 140 of *Punch*, Vol. II. for the year 1860, is to be seen George Du Maurier's first drawing, unsigned, which represents a number of humble artists (including Mr. Whistler) entering a photographer's studio. From that day forward he became one of the bulwarks of the paper, his fecundity rivaling that of Keene, Leech, and others. Initials and thumb-nails were undertaken indiscriminately, and the practice soon produced a marked improvement. He presently showed signs of his future eminence; and it is of exceeding interest to observe, as his talent advanced, how he gradually and surely developed his sense of beauty, his daintiness of line, his insight into the hearts and the shallow minds of his fellow-creatures of the fashionable nineteenth century, until he earned the proud title that has been conferred upon him of the "Thackeray of the Pencil." Yet not alone with the beauty and elegance of "society" is he at ease; with low life he is as much at home. Indeed, had the ground not been already so thoroughly covered by Leech and Keene, I doubt if Mr. Du Maurier would not have found therein a *métier* as certain and successful as that by which he has chiefly established his brilliant reputation. Like Leech and Keene, he has crystallized his types with precision; with relentless amiability he has probed, laid bare, and gibbeted the foibles of his time, and with a loving hand he has recorded its beauties. His "Drawing-room Pictures" might fairly be bound in three volumes and placed side by side on the shelves with "The Newcomes," "Vanity Fair," and "The Book of Snobs" as not unworthy companions. About five thousand drawings of all sizes—including a considerable number of full-pages—make up the sum of his work on *Punch*; and this work, as we all know, has by no means monopolized his busy pencil. Canon Ainger has, I believe, supplied him with not a few of his happiest subjects.

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The Wisconsin State Historical Society probably stands at the head of western societies of the kind, and has more to show for its work of the last thirty-five years than any other similar organization of equal monetary resources. The mass of historical information accessible in the rooms of the society at Madison, the valuable relics in the custody of the society, and the magnificent library which has been gathered by years of self-denying labor on the part of the late Dr. Lyman C. Draper, and Reuben G. Thwaites, secretaries; Daniel S. Durrie, the librarian, and many friends of the institution gave the State a collection to be proud of. In the archives of the society are many rare and curious relics, including pieces of furniture and articles belonging to past ages, which have been handed down from generation to generation until they speak for centuries of existence. Especially is the society well equipped with relics, books, and pamphlets concerning the State.

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The vault of the rooms occupied by the society in the capitol building in Madison contains the oldest evidence of white settlement in the northwest 205 years ago. It consists of a silver ostensorium, presented to the Catholic mission at Depere in 1686. At that time there were only two other settlements west of the Alleghanies—one at Mackinaw and the other at La Pointe. From the settlement at Mackinaw there is in the possession of the society a silver cross exhumed there several years ago, but there is no way of determining its age, for there is no date or other verifying mark upon it. The ostensorium, however, tells its own age. On its base is an inscription in old French declaring: "This Soleil Was Given by M. Nicholas Perrot to the Mission of St. Francis, in the Bay of Puans, 1686." The lettering is very rude, as if done by some mechanic at the mission, but every letter is distinct. The ostensorium, called also the monstrance, is used to hold the sacred wafer or consecrated host. It is in this instance dominated the "soleil" from its having a sun shape. A glass is set in either side of the

circular head, and in this transparent space the wafer was placed when the sacred vessel was held on high by the priest for the worship of the faithful communicants. The vessel is made of silver and is handsomely chased. The date on the inscription corresponds with the time when Nicholas Perrot was commandant of the northwest, he having been appointed to that position in 1685, but it is a matter of record that he had visited Green Bay as early as 1669 and thus had more than ordinary interest in the mission established there. When the mission was burned by the Indians it was thought the holy vessel had been destroyed, but it was unearthed by a man named Grignon in the latter part of the last century, and was preserved in his house, being used by itinerant priests until the building of a new church at Green Bay, when it became a part of the furniture of the structure, and was taken by a visiting priest to Detroit, unknown to the parishioners. When the church was destroyed in 1828 the ostensorium was therefore not in the building and was saved. When it was discovered several years afterward in St. Ann Catholic Church, Detroit, it was identified and returned to Green Bay, the Detroit Catholics releasing all claim to it on payment of its value as old metal. It has since been in the custody of the archbishop of the diocese, but he, realizing the historical value of the relic, consented to its being preserved in the archives of the Historical society under lock and key.

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In rare volumes the library is not rich as to number, but it can lay claim to some of the most valuable on the continent among 80,000 books and 60,000 pamphlets which are on the shelves and in the vaults. The rarest of these books is perhaps "The Book of Hours," which was picked up by ex-Minister to Denmark Rasmus B. Anderson, of Madison, and was bought from him by some friends of the society. The work is of French origin. It is a liturgical volume, written with a quill pen on the purest and finest cream vellum, India ink being used to do the lettering. In the book are contained bible selections, prayers, and hymns suitable for the choral canonical, known as "lauds, matins, prime, tert, sext, nones, vespers, and compline." The oldest printed book in the library is a volume of "Albert Magnus' Sermons," printed at Cologne in 1474.

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A perfect museum in itself is the unpretentious white cottage at Quincy, Mass., of Mrs. Lucy Billings Newton, a direct descendant of Roger Billings, who came over on the *Mayflower* upon her second voyage. The house is built on ground that was bought by Roger Billings, in 1678, and there is hardly a chair or table in it that is less than 100 years old, while many articles are much older. The original Billings house, with its coat of arms, a reindeer with an arrow in its breast, painted on the walls, became so infirm from its long term of usefulness—nearly 200 years—that it was necessary to tear it down about 25 years ago, when a new one was built, and from the marriage of a daughter of the family to a Mr. Gibbons, the place gradually lost its ancient name and became known as the Gibbons estate. Mrs. Newton's house is built on a portion of the original estate, the land having been gradually divided and much of it sold during the past half century. Several clever pencil sketches of the old house by Thomas Ball, the sculptor, are among Mrs. Newton's cherished possessions. Old documents, letters, furniture and nick-nacks fill the place, and it seems curious that it should have escaped the relic hunter's attention so long.

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One of the interesting collections of Brooklyn is that of Dr. Charles E. West, which enriches his house on Pierrepont street. In it are clocks of crystal and gold, bells and gongs covered with infinite tracing and giving forth sweet tones, vases of precious Satsuma, silver mirrors, royal robes woven in silk and gold, magnificent altar cloths from the temples of Japan, weapons of defense that were kept in the temple to be used for its protection. In one part of the large parlors is a great collection of exquisite porcelains. Elsewhere stands a large cabinet, in which are stored various treasures of Japanese skill, wonderful lacquer work, and many other precious curios. Gathered in one room are shrines of costly woods and gold; gods and goddesses, Buddhas, the sacred lotus, the turtle whose tail took 10,000 years to grow, the great dragon, and the bird of peace. One, a double shrine, came from the Mikado's palace. Every seventh day one side was opened for the priests of the palace to worship, the other was opened only once a year. In this a cave is represented; on its rocky floor reposes a white elephant; the god of fire stands on its back. Beneath is a glittering holy of holies, containing a Buddha of pure gold, and over the door hovers a tiny bird exquisitely carved in sandal wood, the bird of peace, Howo. There is a bronze incense burner, said to be 2,100 years old, and to have been in use in Japan's largest temple during 900 years for burning perfumed wood. The ashes were kept in other bronze vases till these were full, then transferred to a metallic chest, which was sealed and buried in the sands of the temple. The burner represents a rock surrounded by water; on one side are fishes of bronze and gold; on the other is a tree growing against the rock and two deer. The whole is of consummate workmanship.

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The manner in which these last sacred treasures passed out of Japan involves a not uninteresting story. One Charles L. Sanderson, of New York, lived in Japan for nearly a quarter of a century. During the war of 1868 between the Mikado and the Shogun for the temporal power, which for two centuries had been usurped by the Shogun and his predecessors, who were nominally the Mikado's prime ministers, Mr. Sanderson furnished the imperial army with the implements of war. When the long-lost liberties of the Mikado were restored by the overthrow of his enemy, such was his

gratitude toward Mr. Sanderson for the service he had rendered that he issued an order to the effect that if Mr. Sanderson saw any work of art in temple or palace that he might wish to possess the same should be given to him. Mr. Sanderson wished to possess many, but he made compensation for all he took and did not insist upon having things which the priests were unwilling to part with. Nevertheless, he acquired the superb collection which Dr. West procured from him, and which has been enlarged by objects obtained from other sources.

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The collection of Orientalia belonging to Mr. Heber R. Bishop, of this city, is, I understand, being catalogued for the private use of the owner. A special feature of the catalogue will, doubtless, be Mr. Bishop's magnificent collection of jades. In it are two flower pots containing plants about a foot high; leaves, full blown flowers, buds, all made of stone, yet appearing like most delicate waxwork. The very earth in which the bush is planted consists of coral, imitating gravel. The leaves are formed of dark-green jade, worked to the fineness of a tree leaf of most delicate texture. The flowers are made of other beautiful stones almost as hard as the jade. Here is a circular jar, ten inches in diameter, carved from one piece of olive-green, transparent jadeite. Its whole exterior is wrought into a fine picture in relief, landscape, houses, animals and human beings, each tiny figure perfect in itself. The jar represents sixty years of labor. There are boxes of most exquisite form and intricate device, cut from one solid block; circular screens of white jade, about ten inches in diameter, resting on crescent-shaped stands of green jade carved to represent a garland of flowers; snuff bottles, one thickness throughout, though made from a solid stone, the outer surface decorated with various small animals and insects, absolutely perfect and carved in the stone itself, some being studded with gems; and a shallow vase of pale-green stone hardly thicker than a sheet of note paper, yet corrugated inside and out. If this collection were placed on public exhibition no lover of art could view it without edification and profit. The Bishop Collection contains two specimens of the apple-green jadeite of Burmah: a small saucer and an upright vase, carved to represent leaves overlapping each other. In the South Kensington Museum Collection, which does not begin to compare with that of Mr. Bishop, there is not one specimen of this peculiar color.

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Prominent among the stamp collectors of the United States is Mr. John K. Tiffany, of St. Louis. Mr. Tiffany is president of the American Philatelic Association, composed of 1,500 of the leading stamp collectors of the country. He began his collections while a schoolboy in Paris, and now has a collection of stamps at his residence, No. 3559 Chestnut street, St. Louis, which is valued at about \$20,000, and is beautifully arranged. Another possessor of a fine collection in the same city is Emile Glogau, agent of the Commercial Building. Colonel T. B. Rodgers, Adjutant-General of the G. A. R., is still another St. Louis collector of note, and so is Dr. Hans Sauer mann, of No. 2201 Chouteau avenue. Miss Marie Chouteau, of St. Louis, is a collector, and has a costly array of stamps.

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The most famous private collection in Chicago, in the sense of its being the most widely advertised, at any rate, is that of Mr. Charles F. Gunther, the confectioner. In his stately store, a fire-proof building in State street, the whole of the second floor is filled to repletion with wonderful and rare objects well shown in glass cases, while boxes and trunks hold other treasures not yet given to public inspection. In the absence of any printed or written catalogue it is almost impossible to give a brief account of the extent, variety, value and importance of Mr. Gunther's collections. Each object exhibited is clearly and plainly described in a ticket placed near it. There are portraits of Washington by Stuart and Peale; originals of Napoleon, good pictures of many notable historical characters, a wonderful collection of autographs, peculiarly rich in great Americana, and including all the most important literary and musical celebrities; personal relics of Washington and his family; early Americana, rare books, an unusually rich collection of Pennsylvania imprints, some fine examples of the beautiful manuscript music engrossed by the "Monks of Ephrata" and the "Nuns of Bethlehem"; huge elephant folios of old illuminated Church choir books and scores of rare missals; old bindings that far exceed the contents in beauty and value, and engravings of all the celebrities whose autographs are exhibited. Then there are the spoils of recent travels in the East—mummies and mummy cases from Egypt, early Hebrew MSS. from the Holy Land, reliquaries from shrines, and among other treasures nearer home to us, rare prints, original paintings of old Philadelphia by Birch, and a whole series of ceramics, pitchers with portraits and legends of American historical characters. The original MS. letters of Byron and Shelley, and Scott and Dickens, and the great lights of English and American literature in Mr. Gunther's collection are of great interest. The much talked of Gunther autograph of Shakespeare is in an early folio of Shakespeare's works, which once belonged to an actor, one John Ward, manager of a strolling company, which played Shakespeare in Stratford and other neighboring towns. Ward was himself so devoted to Shakespeare's memory that he rescued the famous bust in the Stratford Church from destruction, and restored it so that it owes its present condition largely to him. From this John Ward the book with its precious autograph has been traced to an English family emigrated long ago to this country, and from their last representative it came into Mr. Gunther's possession. The famous and much discussed original portrait of Christopher Columbus, by Anthony Moro, is a splendid painting, and well worth the discussion as to its claim to be authentic.

Mr. Gunther, by the way, was foremost in the movement for buying Libby Prison, in Richmond, and bringing it to Chicago. The old warehouse-jail is a museum of his extraordinary collection of articles, illustrating the civil war on both its military and political sides, and that on both sides, Union and Confederate—portraits, letters, pictures, uniforms, every kind of weapon, every form of missile, the letters of Lee and other great Confederate chiefs accepting their commissions in the Southern armies, printed and manuscript material, a long series of appeals to arms on both sides, a whole library of books and papers and broadsides printed in the Confederate States, one room devoted to the Army of the Potomac, with fine portraits of its successive commanders, rare autograph letters from all of them, the table on which Grant and Lee signed the final surrender at Appomattox, personal relics of Lincoln and his Cabinet and the leading members of Congress, models of the *Monitor* and other men-of-war engaged in the sea fights of the Rebellion, strange bits of vessels sunk and destroyed, and all arranged in capital order, well exhibited, clearly described, so that it is reading an illustrated history of the war, an object lesson that cannot fail to interest all who took part in it, and to be instructive and useful to those who have grown up since and only know of the Rebellion as a matter of history.

The most extensive private library in Washington is said to be that of Justice Joseph A. Bradley, of the Supreme Court. The collection of law-books alone numbers some 5,000 volumes. Among these are the first edition of Blackstone, in four volumes; a black letter, Coke; an old volume of mining laws, 1619; Brisson's law dictionary; "The Year Book," in eleven vol., folio, black letter, containing decisions of English Courts from Edward II. to Henry VIII., and the complete works of John Selden—"The Lawyer"—in three large volumes, with fine portrait, collected and edited by Dr. David Wilkins in 1726. The subjects treated are Hebrew antiquities and laws in Latin, with Hebrew, Greek and Arabic quotations; English antiquities and laws; legal and theological discussions; poems and letters on various subjects. Other valuable works are: "Colebrooke's Hindu Law," works of Sigismund Scacciae, an Italian lawyer of the sixteenth century; Scaliger's "Time," "Life and Works of Sir Leoline Jenkins;" "Codex Theodosius," 1685; "Justinian's Roman Law;" old Spanish law books and, in fact, law in many languages. A beautiful volume in white parchment, decorated with gold and tied with faded green ribbons, contains the works of Cornelius Van Bynkershoek, a famous Dutch jurist, and was presented to John William Van Reenan, early in this century, for his scholarly attainments. "Ducange's Glossary," in six volumes, edition of 1733, has on the flyleaf, in fine but legible handwriting, a sketch of the author and description of first edition in 1681.

There are a number of editions of Shakespeare; among them one of the second edition, 1632; a fac-simile of the first edition, 1623; Stanford's edition, in fifteen handsome volumes; Leopold's, and several others, and a number of Bibles, among them the Tyndale Bible, of 1537; Luther's, 1548; the Geneva or Breeches Bible, first edition, 1560; a black letter edition of the same in 1607; a fine old polyglot Bible in six large volumes; an old Cranmer, of 1540, with dark, worn binding; the Bishop's Bible, 1568; a large and beautiful Hebrew Bible, Mill's Greek Testament, St. Jerome's "History of the Bible," a fine edition in five volumes, 1693; a Syriac Testament, a beautiful sixteenth century missal, many valuable translations of the Scriptures, commentaries thereon, Biblical antiquities and travels in Palestine. Astronomy is represented by the works of Brahe, Copernicus, Newton and others; and the library is rich in Greek and Latin classics. The "Chronicles of Britain of the Twelfth Century," one-half printed in Saxon; "Early English Chronicles of King Alfred," the works of William Malmsbury, in several volumes; the works of Josephus, Herodotus, Gibbon, Pepys, Evelyn; Nourrell's "Biographia General," for many years; "Silliman's American Journal," some hundred volumes; Dr. Schliemann's works; Jardine's "Natural History," in forty volumes; "American Ornithology," by Alexander Wilson and Prince Lucien Bonaparte; Sir John Mandeville's novels, published in the seventeenth century; a first edition of "Robinson Crusoe;" a fine edition of Machiavelli's works, by Christian T. Detmold; many valuable cyclopædias—the Edinburgh, Britannica, Mexicana, Metro-

politana, Rees's, Appleton's, also demand record. "The History of the World," by Sir Walter Raleigh, is in five large volumes, with quaint type, title pages and binding. "Fox's Book of Martyrs" is in three large volumes, with curious illustrations, and was published in 1641. Aristotle's works are in four old parchment-bound volumes. The works of John Lightfoot were collected and published in the sixteenth century. An old edition of "Eusebius's Ecclesiastical History" is in three volumes. There are many old English plays; Doran's "Annals of the English Stage;" works of all the ancient and modern poets, in the original and translated, including American poets from Freneau, Washington Allston and the elder Dana to the present day; Bryant's translations of the "Iliad," etc.; Longfellow's and Carey's "Dante;" John Oxenford's "Goethe;" Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's works; Walter Savage Landlor's and Mme. D'Arblay's, and hundreds of volumes of our best authors of fiction.

Justice Bradley began buying books fifty years ago, when at school, and has kept it up ever since. Even the ballroom and dining-room of his cozy old mansion on I street are packed with the bibliophilic wealth of which the house, indeed, is literally full to overflowing.

The Long Island Historical Society has for some years been gathering new material and compacting old aggregations into a collection which is destined to be a great mine for the future historian of this section of the country, and especially of New York State. One of the most interesting special collections of old papers bearing upon the subject is that relating to the Livingston family, and but for accident these might still be mildever and rotting in a forgotten alcove. The late Walter L. Livingston, Surrogate of King's County, had them at the time of his death, in February, 1889, and his widow, Mrs. Sylvia A. Livingston, through Mr. Benjamin D. Silliman, presented them to the Historical Society. The value of the acquisition was not appreciated until antiquarians, among whom was Mr. E. F. De Lancey of this city, began to thumb them and discover that they threw light on much that had been obscure in the colonial history of the East. The late Surrogate was a lineal descendant of Robert Livingston, of Albany, the first of the name in America, founder of the Livingston Manor, and a son of a Presbyterian clergyman of Scotland. The clergyman went from Scotland to Holland on account of his religious principles, and Robert Livingston was born and educated there. Robert came to New York about 1674, and settled in Albany, where he was Town Clerk and Secretary for Indian Affairs. He held the latter place almost to the time of his death, about the year 1728.

Among the papers are official documents of the Indian Commissioners at Albany and papers sent from other colonies to those officials relative to Indian affairs, raids, scouting expeditions, and threatened attacks of Indians and French. Many of these papers are not recorded in the standard work, "Documents Relative to the Colonial History of the State of New York," by E. B. O'Callaghan, Albany, 1861. Of greater interest than the treaties and wars of Indians is a complete history of the founding of Livingston Manor. The earliest of these papers, dated November 12, 1680, is the original license from Governor Andros, appended to the petition of Robert Livingston to be allowed to purchase land at Roeloff Johnson's Kill, the little rivulet which tumbles into the Hudson River at Poughkeepsie, a short distance to the north of the railroad station. There is also Governor Dongan's original license of June 5, 1685, to Livingston to purchase land at Taghkannick, further up on Roeloff Johnson's Kill. This document bears a well-preserved seal of the Governor, in red wax and perfectly distinct in all its heraldic markings after the lapse of 204 years. A third license from Governor Dongan, but bearing a smaller but equally well-preserved seal, to Mrs. Alida, wife of Robert Livingston, to purchase 400 more acres on the same stream for her son, Philip Livingston, dated January 1, 1687-8, is also among the papers. The papers show the legal method of acquiring the title to land in New York—a method instituted by the Dutch, and continued by the English. The principle was that the right of soil was in the Indians, and in the Indians alone, and that they could not be deprived of that right by force, fraud, or rapine, and that no private person could purchase of the

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Indians without the assent in writing of the local representative of the home Government. The Dutch called this permission to purchase land a "grond-bref," or ground brief. In English it is called a license. After the Governor or Director gave his assent a survey was made and returned to the Indian Office for examination. Then, if approved, a grant, or deed, was executed by the Director or Governor, termed in Dutch a transport, and in English a patent, for the land purchased. Most of the Livingston Manor papers refer to the purchase of tracts from Indians, and among them are several land patents, several memoranda of Indian claims to land bought by Livingston, and their "desisting" to pursue the claims. The collection should be edited and printed for the use of the collector and the chronicler.

* * *

The Minneapolis Public Library will soon add a collection of value to its list. It is the many letters and manuscripts that have been gathered by Joseph Francis, the inventor and founder of the present life saving service of the United States. The venerable citizen proposes to donate his correspondence to the library, in order that it may be preserved, and has notified President T. B. Walker, of the library board, to that effect. Mr. Francis is now engaged in writing the story of his life, and will reserve his collection until he has completed the work.

* * *

W. H. Hatch, the veteran clerk of the Republican House, of Milwaukee, Wis., has for thirty years kept an autograph album and has been successful in that time in securing the sign manuals of many celebrities some of whom are still living and many of whom are dead. The little book is not much to look at—an oblong-shaped 16-mo. bound in morocco with but little embellishment—differing in shape and adornment from the more modern and more pretentious album. Unpretentious as it is, it contains in epitome much of the history of the American stage, lyric and dramatic, for the last thirty years. His signatures include J. Wilkes Booth, Lawrence Barrett (1890), John McCullough (1882), W. H. Crane (1881), C. W. Coudock (1863), John T. Raymond (1880), R. G. Ingersoll (1882), Dion Boucicault, Barton Hill, George Francis Train, E. L. Davenport, Fannie Davenport, Rose Coghlan, Theodore Thomas, F. S. Chanfrau, Lillian Russell, William Warren, Jas. O'Neil, Steele Mackaye, Marie Wainwright, Nellie Bly, Donn Piatt, Bill Nye, Pat Gilmore, Madame Janaschek, Vernona Jarbeau, Maurice Barrymore, Henry Ward Beecher, Tom Thumb, T. De Witt Talmage, Joe Emmett, Nat Goodwin, Thos. W. Keene, Laura Keene, Mrs. D. P. Bowers, John E. Owens, Susan Denin, Lotta, Jane Coombs, Daniel Bandmann, J. W. Wallack, Carlotta Patti, Etelka Gerster, McKee Rankin, Minnie Palmer, Margaret Mather, John B. Gough, and I don't remember how many more. There is no autograph of Edwin Booth in the book, and thereby hangs a tale. Those who may see the album will notice that it is somewhat dilapidated—that its leaves have been torn from their fastenings. Several years ago, Mr. Hatch gave the book to Edwin Booth, to look over, hoping, of course, to, in the end, secure his autograph. No sooner did his eye fall upon the name of his brother than he became a madman and flinging the book from him strode about the room in a rage, calling loudly for some one to come and "take away the accursed book." Mr. Hatch has not hankered for an Edwin Booth autograph since.

* * *

The intelligent purchasers of antiquities, whatever their particular craze

may be, ought to study not only the special objects of his or her desire, but the imitations which within the last fifteen years have flooded the market in Europe, and later are overflowing in America. At one time, not so very remote, it was possible to make small collections of old furniture, china, silver, etc., with a certainty that any investment would repay itself if at any time it should become necessary to sell. In fact bric-à-brac purchased by a connoisseur was as good an investment as house property or real estate in a growing society. Nowadays not only has the demand—everyone is æsthetic who can afford it—nearly carried off all the genuine remains into national museums and rich private collections, but taste has so increased that every household possessing enough wealth to allow of some luxuries is sure to expend its superfluous dollars in the decoration of walls and shelves with faience, china or Venetian glass; and it is rare that one goes into city flats of any pretensions without seeing some piece of carved wood-work or some curtain of old tapestry. Consequently, it is every day incumbent on the man or woman of taste to study the chances of deception in purchasing the objects they covet.

* * *

Imitation in bric-à-brac has arrived at such a point that not only faith in porcelains and old silver is a thing of the past, but the modern counterfeits are so beautiful that it is often doubtful whether the imitation is not better than the genuine. Many wise heads consider the artistic of to-day far better than the uglinesses of an age that is gone, unless the object be enhanced in value by the fact that such or such a master has produced it, or such and such historical associations are connected with it. For instance, the kettle St. Paul used on the island of Naxos would, in the eyes of the devout collector, be far more valuable than the cup presented by Benvenuto Cellini, the great Italian goldsmith, to Diana of Poitiers, the beautiful mistress of the French King Francis I. Or the cradle of Moses, with its dried bulrushes and baked mud, would be a greater treasure in the eyes of a Talmage than the opal shell so artistically created for the use of the late Prince Imperial. But this is written for the guidance of people of taste, not of cranks. The art of imitation will probably not be applied to mud-cradles, though it is a fact that flint arrow-heads and Mexican remains have been imitated here in America with some success.

* * *

Few people are unaware nowadays that there is an extensive fabrication in Birmingham, England, of Egyptian gods and Waterloo relics. When the donkey-boy in Cairo, or the dragoman at the foot of the Pyramids, comes with his eternal cry of Baksheesh and his broken English, offering some blue effigy of Osiris, or the mummy of a cat, you smile incredulously with a certain knowledge that such Osiris did not exist a year ago, and that it had been rubbed in the sand for your especial eye. When the American tourists go gaping round the field of Waterloo, and the old guide, who himself is a fraud, as he never fought at Quatre Bras at all, as he would have you believe, unearths bullets of 1815 and eagles of the Old Guard he smiles in his sleeve at the eager demand for the treasures, and goes back to his cottage to open a fresh parcel of relics just imported for his benefit. But in matters of real art the collector who prides himself on possessing genuine things cannot be too careful. At first when bric-à-brac was imitated, counterfeits were not in circulation. Poor specimens were painted and varnished, mended and covered with the dust of ages and the cobwebs of yesterday's spiders; dug up in

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the presence of some church-wardens or beadle, and triumphantly disposed of to certain blind savants or country museums. Even the great Rothschild of Paris, whose collections are superb and without price, was taken in in 1860 by a counterfeit piece of Henri II ware; the celebrated Mosaic pottery made for the lovely Diane, and of which only sixty-three pieces existed at that time. But to-day the demand is so great that establishments are in full blast for the express purpose of coining money by forgeries. The wretched Dago of New York who passes a sham nickel gets promptly arrested, and expiates his five-cents' worth of larceny in durance vile. But anyone may sell with impunity fraudulent porcelains on which forged trade-marks of every or any manufactory may be seen and identified by turning the plate or group upside down and looking at the painted or impressed signature of the fabric.

Then there is the manufacture of Dutch silver, which has multiplied like an Egyptian plague almost, in the windows of the London, Paris and New York bric-à-brac dealers. Every kind of small toy—from a baby's cradle to a sedan chair, from a spinning-wheel to a coach and outriders—is reproduced in silver, and it is only fair to say they are every bit as well done as the old silver toys of two hundred years ago. But they are sold not on their true merits, but on their false and fraudulent claims to an extrinsic value they do not possess. It is more especially in fine old silver that the collector has to be careful, and is, despite all care, continually in peril of being swindled. Pieces of poor silver of Charles and Queen Anne are bought; the silver-smith's mark or the inlaid coin of the period is carefully cut out, and after being soldered on to the bottom of an elaborate piece of modern metal, the new combine is sold for treble its worth because it is an antique.

In china—that is, porcelain of Dresden (or Saxe, as it is known in Europe); porcelain of Capo di Monte, the Italian ware; porcelain of Chelsea, the celebrated English fabric, and others—there is an establishment near Paris which will supply the purchaser with any known mark except that of Sèvres, which, being French, they are bound to respect, as the national manufactory would arrest them if they tried to forge that. They even go so far as to indent their frauds with the K. P. M. of the Royal Dresden Porcelain Manufactory, as well as the well-known crossed blue swords and the superposed blue star of the Marcolini period. The work produced at the present day by the Dresden artists is by no means as finely artistic as the groups originally designed more than a hundred years ago in Saxony. The fact is that the best sculptors have a better market in bronze and marble, and the

modelers employed are not equally clever. For the collector of modern productions, Royal Worcester is incontestably the ware which promises to increase in value with time, though much of the china turned out in Sèvres is worthy of a place in any collection.

Go where you will to-day, you are beset with imitations foisted off on the unwary as genuine. In the back streets of Antwerp and Amsterdam, where the mouldy dealer looks as real as Rembrandt, all the brass work is reproduction—in the little shops round Nice and Genoa the china and glass, the silver and the lace, are all false as a dude's vows or a summer girl's sentiment. As a rule, take it for granted that what is offered is spurious. Buy it for its quaintness or its beauty, but at a reasonable price; and do not give fancy prices until you have studied the antique or obtained the opinion of an expert.

The Boston Athenæum contains a collection of over 3000 volumes of pamphlets, which probably average 10 in a volume, relative to the early New England history. These are not only of great interest, but are considered unique. The first almanac printed in America came out in 1639, and was entitled "An Almanac Calculated for New England," by Mr. Pierce, Mariner. The printer was Stephen Day, or Daye, to whom belongs the title of the first printer in North America. The press was at Cambridge, Mass., and its introduction was effected mainly through Rev. Jesse Glover, a wealthy Nonconformist minister, who had only recently left England. The first book issued in the Middle Colonies was an almanac. It was printed near Philadelphia by William Bradford in 1685. There are only two copies known to be in existence. The earliest Greek book printed in the United States was Mathew Carey's edition of the "Enchiridion" of Epictetus (1792), and the first Greek Testament came from the press of Isaiah Thomas, Worcester, Mass., in 1800. Mr. Thomas, who was born in Boston in 1749, served an apprenticeship of 11 years, and begun business in Newburyport in 1767, where he remained till 1770, when he removed to Boston and commenced the publication of the *Massachusetts Spy*. In 1775 he located in Worcester, where he resided until his death in 1831. In 1791 he printed an edition of the Bible in folio, and subsequently printed numerous editions of a smaller size. For many years he was the principal printer of school books in this country. In 1810 he published his "History of Printing in America." Mr. Thomas was a lover of books, both new and old, and his efforts and example have been of great value to the men of books and letters in America.

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